

The principles of a radical party are not men—they demand equality, there has been a therefore little receiving, daily our ranks—new settlers in Clinton and with whom we safeguards. Let's honest mind beager, to exact party. When the with her naked and a conscience yet either of admiring party, a launch offered to catch a board, and sheaven of Virtues of courage and of conquest and, for her capture, personal traits officers or crew on board, she will her that she shall be with the ex-

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LITERARY.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

BY CHARLES SPRAUKE.

I knew that we must part; day after day,
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way.
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,
As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;
Feeble and slow the once light footstep grew,
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,
Thy thin, but hard to mine more weakly clinging,
Each sweet 'Good night' fell fainter from thy tongue.
I knew that we must part—no power could save
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave:
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
They lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek;
They voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;
All to thy doom I felt it at my heart;
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, MARY—thou art gone!
Gone in thin innocence, meek-suffering one.
Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep,
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,
In those fond watchers who around thee stood,
And felt, even then, that God was greatly good.
Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,
As if to thee, in that dread hour, 'twere given
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven;
Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest,
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed.
Death stult in softness thou didst leave so lovely face,
And couch each feature with a new-born grace;
On cheek and brawny beauty lay,
And told that life's poor cares had passed away.
In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, MARY—thou art dead!
On its last resting-place I laid thy head,
Then by the coffin-side knelt down, and took
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look.
Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned;
From those well-veiled orbs no glance responsive burned;
Ah! then I felt that thou hadst passed away,
That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay;
And then came Memory, with her busy throng
Of tender images, forgotten long;
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,
I saw thee—heard thee, as in days of old;
Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew,
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due;
Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started,
I turned away—and felt that we had parted.